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Choice Poetry.

BIRDS IN SUMMER.

BY MARY HOWITT.

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Flitting about in each merry tree!
In the leafy tree, so broad and tall,
Like a queen and beautiful palace-hall,
With its soft green roof for the light and heat,
That open to sun, and moon, and moon,
Of purple blue sky, and fleecy wreath,
And the frolicsome winds as they wander by.

They have left their nests in the forest bough.
There, homes of delight they need not care—
And the young and the old they wander out,
And converse many grave words round about!
And hark! at the top of this leafy hall,
How one to the other they lovingly call!
"Come up, come up!" they seem to say,
"Where the ripest cup drops in the brightest way!

"Come up, come up, for the world is here,
Where the merry leaves dance in the summer air!"
And the lady believer gives back the cry,
"We come, we come, to the branches high!"
How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Flitting about in a leafy tree;
And many through the air what joy to go,
And to look on the flowers that grow below.

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Skimming along on the breezy sea,
Cresting the billows like silvery foam,
And then wheeling away to its cliff-built home,
What joy it must be to sail, upborne
By a strong free wing, through the rosy morn,
To meet the coming sun face to face,
And pierce like a shaft the boundless space!

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Soaring and singing through heaven so free;
Lightly it rises with dew on its wings,
The warmer of the blossoming purple lands,
And the richer hue, like fields of gold,
That gladden some fairy request old!
Oh, sometimes hope, on the billowy sea,
On the leafy forest, and soaring free!
How pleasant the life of a bird must be!

Pictures of Life.

LOVE AND SELF-LOVE.

It was during the very brightest days of the republic of Venice, when her power was in its prime, together with the arts which have made her, like other cities, the wonder and delight of the world—for Italy has produced in poetry and painting, in sculpture and music, and in several compositions, the greatest of the world's masterwhile—that Paolo Zontano was charged by the Marquis of Mantua to paint the portrait of his adora his gallery. Paolo had come from Rome at the request of the prince. The fame he had received a very favorable account of the young artist—he was but thirty. Paolo was handsome, of middle height, dark and pale; he had a deep black eye, a small mouth, a finely traced mustache, a short curling beard, and a head full of remarkable intellectuality. There was a slight strangeness in his manner, a brief sharp way of speaking, a quick movement of the head, that did not increase the number of his friends. But when once he was known, and even understood, into his intimacy—a very rare occurrence—they were loved him.

Then, he was generous-hearted and noble; his time, his purse, his advice, were all at their service. But his whole mind was in his art. Night and day, day and night, he seemed to think of nothing but his painting. In Rome he had been looked upon as mad, for he cared for but was not content with remaining close at work in his master's studio, but at night he invariably shut himself up in in an old half-ruined house, in the outskirts, where none of his friends were ever invited, and where no one but himself entered. Not no woman save an old nurse, who had known him from a child. Here, in private, and with considerable plausibility, that the artist had a picture in hand, and that he passed his night over it to study. He rarely left this room until noon mid-day, and generally returned to his bedchamber, after a considerable visit to his lodgings, though he could not occasionally refuse being present at large parties given by his patrons.

On setting in Venice he resumed his former mode of life. He had an apartment at the Palace Zontano; he took his meals there, but at night-fall, when there was no grand reception, he wrapped himself in his cloak, put on his mask, and, drawing his sword half close to his hand, went forth. He took a gondola until he reached a retired canal, and then, leaving the gondolier there, he disappeared in the gloom caused by the lofty houses. No one noticed him, this mode of life; he did his duty, he was polite, affable, and respectful with his patron; he was gallant at the ladies' fêtes, and no more. He did not make the slightest effort to win the affections of those around him. Not all this passed in a graceful and much observation.

Still, there was one person whom this wild-ness and eccentricity of character—all that has a stamp of originality is called eccentricity—seemed to have strong interest in his favor. The Marquis had a daughter, who at sixteen had been married, under circumstances of great state, and secluded behind him; she had been watching him with pained attention for an hour; he had not come and look by the gallery of the day, with her attendant girl, reading or painting. Paolo had not spoken one word during that hour. Suddenly Clorinda rose and uttered the exclamation:

"How beautiful!"

"Is it not, signora?"

The artist started, also returned, astonished both at the artist's manner, and the enthusiasm with which he alluded to his own creation.

"I am beautiful, your grace," replied the artist Paolo, laying down his palette and holding his arms to gaze at the picture.—A Cupid and Psyche—with sexual rapture.

It was the face of the woman—of the girl, timidly impassioned and innocent, filling the air around with beauty—that had struck Clorinda. With golden hair, that waved and shone in the sun; with a white, small, but exquisitely shaped forehead; with deep blue eyes, fixed with admiring love on the lovemaking god; with cheeks on which lay so softly the bloom of health that it seemed ready to fade before the breath from the painting; with a mouth and chin moulded on some perfect Grecian statue, the thought in her mortal eyes anything so sublime.

"Ah!" she said with a sigh, "you painters are dreadful enemies of women. Who would look at reality after gazing on this glorious Maid?"

"It is reality," replied the painter. "I paint from memory."

"Impossible! You must have combined the loveliness of fifty girls in that exquisite creation."

"No!" said the artist gravely; "that face exists. I saw it in the streets of Sicily, I have often painted it before: never so successfully."

"I would give the world to gaze on the original," replied Clorinda. "I adore a beautiful woman. It is God's greatest work of art."

"It is, signora," said Paolo; and he turned away to his work.

Women born in the climate of Italy, under that deep blue sky, and in that air that breathes of poetry, painting, music, and love, are not guided by the same impulses and feelings as in more sublunar and more prosaic north. Clorinda did not wait for Paolo's admission: she loved him, and every day added to her passion. His undoubted genius, his handsome face, his noble features and mien, had awak-ened her first youthful and strongest affection. She was herself a woman of superior mind, and was called in the delights of Petrarch, Dante, Ariosto, and Boccaccio. Now, she felt. How deeply, she alone knew. But Zontano remained obediently insensible to all her chances: to her friendship, and her condescending tone, as well as to her intellect and beauty. He was self-absorbed, and that he went every evening to plead his passion at her feet. Jealousy took possession of her. She spent a whole night in reflection; she turned over in her mind every supposition; and she rose, when had never, since his arrival in Venice, been watched or followed, paid no attention to it. That evening she was observed after dark, cloak, masked, and with a hat and plumes, stepped into one of the public gondolas, and, creeping close against the rail, followed him. The stranger seemed, by his gazing at the City of Palaces, to be a spectator of its beauty, and nothing more.

Suddenly Zontano disappeared. The other moved rapidly forward to the spot where he had he had entered a dark alley, and was ascending with heavy steps a stone staircase to the artist's cell. The stranger followed cautiously, stepping in time with Paolo, and feeling his way with his hands. He heard the door shut, and he reached the summit of the house. He then placed his ear to a door—a blaze of light was seen, and he disappeared, locking the door behind him. The man stood irresolute, but only for a moment. The temptation was great.

"Signor!" he called.

"Who is there, my art, my idol, my goddess! Antonio, Antonio!"

"No wish me as you will," replied the young girl.

A month later they were married, her parents being proud indeed of the elevated position to which their daughter attained. They were at the summer in Rome, where Paolo had prepared for his mysterious existence by means of his splendid and studied nurse. He devoted to her, every moment not directed to his art, and at once began to display those eccentricities which found an apt and earnest student, and at the time of which I speak, Eleanora was possessed of all the mental advantages to be derived from constant intercourse with a man of genius.

But Paolo Zontano, out of his home. was a changed and unhappy man; he lived in constant dread of his wife's discovery. Indeed, he saw with secret impatience the many secret defects which still outlived in his beloved idol. In the recesses of his heart he felt slavery within a noble at rooms; he longed to give her air and space: he loved her deeply, but with a powerful and unscrupulous man; he dreaded ridicule for her peasant origin and imperfect education. Hence the defects in his character.

It was on the afternoon of the next day, and Eleanora, who had been giving some braided touches to the Psyche, was absorbed in its contemplation. He held the head in his hand, and stood back a little way, examining it with attention.

"It is beautiful! The Countess Clorinda was right," he exclaimed.

"She was right! beautiful as the original," replied that lady, in a low tone.

"Great Heaven!" cried Paolo, turning round pale and in confusion with something like amazement.

There was Eleanora, blushing, trembling timid, hanging a little back, and yet leaning on the arm of the Countess, who smiled a sweet smile of reassurance.

"Be not angry, Signor Zontano," she said. "It is all my fault. I was curious and impatient relative to the original of this picture. You said it existed. I immediately connected your mysterious visits with something which might explain all. Last night I followed you home; I used my best and most practised skill to conceal the motives of her seclusion. This day I went to see her early; I forced my way in, and by threats of exposure, I at length obtained the truth from her. Signor Paolo, your conduct is unjust, to save yourself from jealousy evils you condemn this angel to a prison life; you deprive her of air and liberty—the very life of love. Your wife is a prisoner. Even this morning the mingled blessings which you showered on her, and which in the satisfaction of admiring a nose so divine, and a mind so exquisite. But then, you will say, she is uneducated, and you are right. She is quite enough to excite a smile. Signor Paolo, this is a great error to make in the love of certain passions; she is educated enough to learn everything that becomes a lady, and be-sides, with the wife of a painter, it will be let her mix with the world. You are yourself so much above it, that your life is a trance. To the fiend, the confidante, the sister of this innocent, good girl, declare to you that you must change your mode of existence."

"Countess, you have conquered," cried Zontano, who guessed the truth, and who instantly fell that her penetrant mind would find, in devotion to Eleanora, means of withdrawing her attention from her unfortunate passion. "Do with her as you please. When the Countess Clorinda, only child of my generous patron, calls my wife her sister, my wife is honored indeed."

The result was natural. Paolo Zontano seemed to be suspicious and restless. Eleanora was universally admired; and when, ten years later, the artist, after finishing the paintings for the gallery of the Palace Bembo, took up his residence permanently in Venice, his wife had become an accomplished and vaudhonored lady, capable of holding her position in the elevated circles to which the genius of her husband, and the friendship of Clorinda, established her. Paolo Zontano was considered almost true to her friendship all her life; delighted and happy at being the creator of permanent happiness to two beings which, under the system of suspicion, fear, and seclusion adopted in the case of them, must ultimately have been utterly wretched.

No one can be happy and useful in this world, who is not of it. It is worst out our duty to be of it, we may be very sure we should not be in it.

THE LONGEST NIGHT IN A LIFE.

FROM BOURNEMAN WORDS.

It was one of those old fashioned winters in the days of the Georges, when the snow lay on the ground for weeks, when railways were unthought of, the stage coaches were few and ill-managed, and the country people lived and died in a thousand of acres by the speculative Countess of London. The mails had been irregular for a month past, and the letter bags which did reach the post-office had been brought thither with difficulty. The country people were cut off from foreign intelligence, the metropolis knew nothing of the doings of the provinces, and the provinces knew little more of the affairs of the metropolis; but the columns of both were overflowed with accounts of the inclemency of the weather, with heart-rending accounts of starvation and destitution, with wonderful escapes of adventurous travellers, and of still more adventurous rustic-seekers and guards. Each man was almost at a standstill, or was only carried on by fits and starts; families were made prisoners by the snow-drifts, and were rendered ridicule for her peasant origin and imperfect education. Hence the defects in his character.

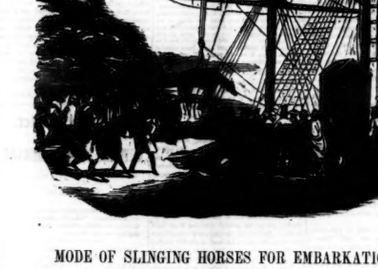
The embankation of horses is, with inexperienced persons, both a tedious and difficult operation. The animals employed by the Messrs. Paynter's *battery* recently at Woolwich Dockyard, England, proved to be alike safe and expeditious—the average time occupied in put-ting each horse securely in the hold being only ten minutes.

The operation is effected in the following manner: The ship being brought alongside the wharf, a strong piece of canvas is placed under the body of the horse, and secured over his back by a rope; he is then bridled into the air by a running tackle from the main-yard-arm, and along into the hold of the ship: when there, he is received by the drivers, who, by coaxing, are enabled in a few seconds to re-assure him, and he is then led to the stall. A strong, padded stanchion is placed between each horse: a rope is passed from the head to the main-deck, and fastened overhead, which prevents his lying down during the voyage, but acts as a great support to the animal.

On the ship arriving at its destination, if the wind admits of it, the horses are dropped over-board, and allowed to find the best of their way to the shore; on the other hand, should this be found impracticable, the operation of slinging, as above described, is again resorted to.

The principal danger in the transportation of horses arises from sea-sickness; the horse, unfortunately, from his physical formation, not being able to vomit, is often attacked by sea-sickness, in which case he is bled to death and thrown overboard.

Three fine ships, the *Palmerston*, *Hecuber* and *John Masterman*, received on board the whole of Captain Paynter's Battery, and while carrying two officers, sixty men, and about so many horses; besides the necessary guns, ordnance and ammunition.



MODE OF SLINGING HORSES FOR EMBARKATION.

Our Picture Gallery.

Foreign Letter.

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL.

[Written for the Saturday Evening Post.]

From Munich to Nuremberg—Nuremberg—The Old and the Modern Gallery.

If in Nuremberg the traveler has already learned to dream of the days of Knight and Minnesinger, he will find in the old city behind the walls the dreamer by a half day's ride behind the times. Or, the art of Letter will transport him at once. He will look in vain through the streets for those monuments of skill and genius and piety with which Nuremberg abounded, attesting death and destruction, not mercy, to have a broad and destructive path through the realms of fine old trees, ancient towers or towers and flowers of art. Those are its charms, like a play there are no tears, in its first point of the proscenium, and be the credit of the city be it said, not an orphan makes among them, either as compliment to the name the two physicians who are in the company. But, we will let that pass. The one is Dr. Müller, through whose influence the walls were levelled, and the city's green girdle woven. It was a curling, but a disinterested action. The other is Siebenkeese, the originator of Homeopathy, and his theses for self hardly change him with more than letting Nature take her course. Then there are two composers, a poet, and last, not least, a farmer! Yes, the Count Rumford of it is true, one who not only read but wrote books, and ran. His it is that Germany owes most thanks, more than any other, for the life which now endows her Agriculture, for he was the first to make agriculture a science. Not only the world does not stand still, when we are dead, but it moves faster, and we are left behind and sadden. But beside this breathing place encircling these, the inhabitants of Leipzig have another, a few minutes walk away in the centre of the city. A park of many hundred acres, with drives, and walks, and shady lane. Here, in summer afternoons, the children, with their hoops and balls, the ladies with their knitting, the gentlemen with their pipes, come to breathe pure air, despite their master, hour good music, and drink strong coffee and weak beer.

Of the appearance which the streets and shops of Leipzig usually present, I know nothing, and care any nothing. Though I have been visited the city, my visits on both occasions have been at Fair time, and one would be as far astray in taking this for a fair to ordinary occasion as to assume that the Carnival at Rome represented the every day appearance of that city, or the paroxysms of a convulsion the normal condition of a patient.

Leipzig looks no longer like a German city. Its rooms possessed by a medley of all nations, come up to the festival of Mammon. Here you see the Tyrolese mountaineer, with stockings covered and tassled hat, leather breeches, and gaily embroidered coat and suspenders, loudly engaged disposing of his wooden wares, while his more picturesque companion the peasant by side he needs a pair of gloves. Here is the well mannered Turk, his head enveloped in an excess of comfort, his legs in sacks; looking as if neither his waves nor his wives troubled him, and as if the Sublime Porte himself were a case for of supreme indifference to him. Then you see his little half-brother, the Greek, precocious, drag in a red mountain cap and long tassel, and his lean lawsuit in his physiognomy that looks to business, and a cambric between that speaks to leisure. Italians selling cheap pianos; casts and grinding door organs; Jews, antediluvian head organs; long haired artists from the back corners of the earth, in greasy, silken gowns, hurrying up and down the streets, dressed and lodging in and out of doorways and dark arches ways, as if eager for their business; and then no fashionable dresses, from all of which are mixed, with wheat as rule as themselves, making a part of the living panorama.

The great market squares are crowded with booths, arranged in long and narrow streets, filled with a thousand articles for every day use, and a thousand times more the owners themselves are source but. In one quarter you see clothing of all shapes, and qualities, and prices; caps and bonnets, shoes, heavy enough for the severest frosts of the Zone; and in the large intended for the Russian markets, gloves suspenders and handkerchiefs of brilliant hues forming a kaleidoscopic picture, in another you see scarcely anything but toys, baptized with the Nuremberg name; books; looking as dear as to their paternity; gay breast-pins one-ring amiable for the holiday dress of girl; the carry a hundred weight upon the head huge rings for German Jungs, watches for Peter Funks, and covering all between pairs in quantities alarming to a member of the Anti-Tobacco Society.

The wares of the stomach are not neglected and heaven-sent viands are found everywhere ready to give you sweet cake and fruit and the wellonly cheap prices. Amid the mass of rubbish which forms the staple of these booths, occasionally stumbles upon an article of real worth, a choice painting, or a neat carving, between which engrossed in this the living, Leipzig Fair, one is tempted to ask as he sees nothing but these wares, exposed and sold by comprarchic. It is to be the case upon the gathers on the entrance. It is nothing more than a magnified your market, such as is to be seen in every little town in Germany. The real interest which gives importance to the place, is in the warehouses, where dealings are by wholesale. Long rows of warehouses, that at ordinary times are closed, and filled from cellar to roof, or with goods of all kinds, and crowded with buyers of all nations. The whole city is like a vast Market or Wall St, in the busy season, pervaded by by hales and bears, as that one might fancy that all the goods and all the drafts of Europe had gathered here as to a grand rendezvous, and each indeed it is. But it needs by a near stance first off, and a near one after. Three weeks, three times a year, and all is past, save a few belated buyers and a few lots of their goods, who may linger a few days longer, and then the city relapses into its ordinary quiet, which, if mendacious may be believed, is a very extraordinary quiet.

The two principal stores that now are thronged with busy life, are closed for two or three months, and the streets which now present a scene of such animation and bustle will be formed as if by magic, into the likeness of a plague desolated city.

The book trade is by far the most important element of the Leipzig Fair. Here the publishers assemble in full force, each with his display of their prices, and settle their accounts, a congress perhaps as important as those of the first of great powers. Leipzig publishes more standard works than any other city of Germany, and her catalogue of periodicals is the largest world of the land. The importance of the Fair is yearly increasing, and the sales which were formerly announced on the average to only fifteen millions of dollars, they now reach fifty millions. For this immense the credit is mostly given, as the ground facilities for transmitting goods to and fro, Leipzig being the centre of a vast net work of German railways.

Dealers in dry goods and groceries in hardware and leather place, are not only ever seen who make the pilgrimage to Leipzig, there especially. It is almost a fair of fairs, for days must be spent in bargaining, and the night in casting accounts.

Pleasure has its private and votaries, and lot temples, great and small, are open for worship. Phoenix draw you to the Opera, the concert, the presence of this or that world renowned dancer from Madrid or Paris, as unparalleled rope dancer from Vienna or Berlin, magicians of New York, Berlin and Vienna, and the Paganinis of the Hemisphere, the home of Uncle Tom's cabin, and say nothing of learned birds, dancing monkeys and monster hogs.

But I must not linger too long in Leipzig the plethoric, for Dresden the aristocratic demands a little time. There is a great dignity about Dresden that belongs to no other capital of Europe. It is the dignity of a retired gentleman, with nothing to do but to enjoy the fruits of his income. He may feel, perhaps, that his income is a little impaired by the shaking of bonds and the fallacy of friends, but he lives on his income very plain and prudence, and feels that he is as opulent. Of business scarcely there can be any trace. Indeed, among her proud looking magazines, bustle and hurry seem quite out of place. Once the capital of the richest kingdom of Germany, she now contains the costly collections which their wealth gathered there. The rich heirs of silver, now trafficked with profit, but not with such courage as in her palmy day, made Saxony a Republic among nations, and her rulers destined sometimes even to exchanging the crown of cut in the metropolis, and now

Dresden is a gallery of paintings only, and of art, and of things, and a museum of all that is rare, curious in every and wood, such as he, no equal. It is indeed little more than a vast museum. Yet, the physiology of place. Pride of gold and silver, with costly jewels, and rich dresses, and splendid equipages, and palaces, crowded with gilt and gaudy ornaments, reveals itself in every thing. Even the Bible, the Bible of the Bible, is not without its gilt edges. Gold seems to be in one sense the only thing worth having. Leipzig is a city of business and politics. Leipzig is a city to travel through, not to stay in. Nor but one day. Though her churches are destitute of interest, her town hall nothing but a pallace office, her museum full of stores, and nothing more; the promenade around the city cannot be all. What real once the site of a mud, moat, and glacis, preservative of attack, attesting death and destruction, not preserving them, is now a broad and charming walk beneath the shade of fine old trees, among flowers or fountains and flowers of art. Those are its charms, like a play there are no tears, in its first point of the proscenium, and be the credit of the city be it said, not an orphan makes among them, either as compliment to the name the two physicians who are in the company. But, we will let that pass. The one is Dr. Müller, through whose influence the walls were levelled, and the city's green girdle woven. It was a curling, but a disinterested action. The other is Siebenkeese, the originator of Homeopathy, and his theses for self hardly change him with more than letting Nature take her course. Then there are two composers, a poet, and last, not least, a farmer! Yes, the Count Rumford of it is true, one who not only read but wrote books, and ran. His it is that Germany owes most thanks, more than any other, for the life which now endows her Agriculture, for he was the first to make agriculture a science. Not only the world does not stand still, when we are dead, but it moves faster, and we are left behind and sadden. But beside this breathing place encircling these, the inhabitants of Leipzig have another, a few minutes walk away in the centre of the city. A park of many hundred acres, with drives, and walks, and shady lane. Here, in summer afternoons, the children, with their hoops and balls, the ladies with their knitting, the gentlemen with their pipes, come to breathe pure air, despite their master, hour good music, and drink strong coffee and weak beer.

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Dealers in dry goods and groceries in hardware and leather place, are not only ever seen who make the pilgrimage to Leipzig, there especially. It is almost a fair of fairs, for days must be spent in bargaining, and the night in casting accounts.

Pleasure has its private and votaries, and lot temples, great and small, are open for worship. Phoenix draw you to the Opera, the concert, the presence of this or that world renowned dancer from Madrid or Paris, as unparalleled rope dancer from Vienna or Berlin, magicians of New York, Berlin and Vienna, and the Paganinis of the Hemisphere, the home of Uncle Tom's cabin, and say nothing of learned birds, dancing monkeys and monster hogs.

But I must not linger too long in Leipzig the plethoric, for Dresden the aristocratic demands a little time. There is a great dignity about Dresden that belongs to no other capital of Europe. It is the dignity of a retired gentleman, with nothing to do but to enjoy the fruits of his income. He may feel, perhaps, that his income is a little impaired by the shaking of bonds and the fallacy of friends, but he lives on his income very plain and prudence, and feels that he is as opulent. Of business scarcely there can be any trace. Indeed, among her proud looking magazines, bustle and hurry seem quite out of place. Once the capital of the richest kingdom of Germany, she now contains the costly collections which their wealth gathered there. The rich heirs of silver, now trafficked with profit, but not with such courage as in her palmy day, made Saxony a Republic among nations, and her rulers destined sometimes even to exchanging the crown of cut in the metropolis, and now

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRI PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1848.

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TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $1, if paid in advance, if not paid in advance $1 50 cents, at $2,00,00,00. If I was founded by the cents of publishers. In 1821, I was gratified in that devoted to truth, I was very unpaid. Cents of all, and I am thankful for the encouragement, I have received. Cents of all, and I am thankful for the encouragement, I have received. Cents of all, and I am thankful for the encouragement, I have received.

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

Among the contributors to the Post during the year, will be "The Penn Monks," by Mrs. Denison, author of "Home Pictures," &c.—Original Sketches by Grace Greenwood and by Fanny Fern—Miller, the Astrologer; on the Fatal Vow, by Mrs. Denison.—Letters from Democrat by Mrs. Denison.—Letters from Europe by "C. G." and the Rev. Mr. Richmond, &c., &c.

Choice Selections from foreign and domestic Lectures, Engravings, the News, Congressional Reports, &c., &c., shall be given as heretofore.

NAPIER AND INDIA.

That revered favorite of the press and people Napier, the hero of Scinde, the conqueror of Beloochistan, the victor of Meeanee and Hyderabad, the captor of Sindia, the man who has been for half a century the idol of the British army, is now no more. Little more than a year ago he wrote:

A wronged man I have been—more wronged but guided me in suffering as in action; but my conscience tells me that I have been the object of contempt and support from power; when promises are dead; both, the dignity of human nature is insulted. I am now old, and I feel keenly, to avow good service—to be rewarded by the cold neglect of the Government I have served, of eloquence with which Chatham and Burke would have clothed it, is a bitter thing. I have won a splendid province, and I have been rewarded by the title of the wrongs he is to be rewarded by the title of the wrongs he is to be rewarded by the title of the wrongs he is to be

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1854.

Congressional News

THIRTY-THIRD CONGRESS.

FIRST SESSION.

SENATE.

On the 24th, Messrs. Seward and Fish presented the memorial of the Jews, praying that religious freedom be secured to all American citizens in European countries.

Mr. Hunter presented the petition of mechanics, praying that the Homestead Bill be amended so as to allow them to receive two hundred dollars each in lieu of land.

Mr. Shields moved to take up the bill appropriating $100,000 to procure suitable gold medals for the Captains of the ships Three Bells, Kilby and Antarctic, and the balance to be divided among said Captains and their crews, for gallant conduct in rescuing the survivors of the wreck of the steamer San Francisco.

Mr. Gwin moved a substitute, proposing to give to the Captains of the ships Three Bells, Kilby, Antarctic and Lucy Thompson, a gold medal each, and to all others engaged in the rescue of the passengers on board the steamer San Francisco, suitable silver and bronze medals, and appropriating $20,000 for that object.

He said that citizens of the United States had already subscribed nearly $60,000, which had been paid to the officers and crew of those vessels. The Government, too, had promptly paid the $40,000 demanded by their owners for damages and losses sustained by them in consequence of the rescue.

Mr. Gwin's substitute was rejected—yeas 16, nays 21. Mr. Gwin moved to amend by striking out 100,000 and inserting 250,000. The question was taken, and the amendment agreed to. Yeas, 21; nays 16: and the bill was passed.

On the 25th, a Message from the President was received, transmitting certain suggestions of the Attorney General, as to the modification of the manner of conducting the judicial business of the United States. The general recommendation is that the Attorney General's office be made a Department of the Government, and that all executive judicial power be vested therein. Referred.

Went into Executive Session. Adjourned.

On the 26th, Mr. Pearce reported a bill appropriating $5,000 to purchase the portraits of the five first Presidents of the United States, painted by Gilbert Stuart, to be placed in the President's Mansion. He said these paintings were originals, and were, by persons skilled in the art, considered valuable paintings. Passed.

After amendments to the Indian Appropriation Bill, adjourned.

On the 27th, the Indian Appropriation Bill was still further amended and discussed. The Senate then adjourned till Monday.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 25th, the House went into Committee on the Deficiency Bill.

The galleries were crowded, and much eagerness was manifested to hear Mr. Benton on the Nebraska question.

Mr. Benton spoke as follows: If any bill to impair the Missouri Compromise line of 1820, had been brought into this House, by a member from a slave State, or under the administration of a President elected from a slave State, I should have deemed it [illegible]

[illegible]

...has been done to the old States, and therefore he was for distributing the lands among all the members of the confederacy, according to federal representation. This would be constitutional and just.

After Mr. B. concluded, the House went into committee nominally on the Deficiency bill. Messrs. Giddings and Smith, of Va., had a "personal explanation"—*personal* enough, but we have not room for it; neither is it of importance. Mr. Giddings said Mr. Smith had fabricated misrepresentations out of his sterile brain, and had plunged in the mire of falsehood: And Mr. Smith said the gentleman from Ohio had exhausted the vocabulary of vulgarity, and had shown that his tirade of defamation and scandal was not learned *from* association with gentlemen, but with free negroes; and, further, that he had shown the malignity of a cowardly fiend. Mr. Sapp then spoke against the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. The House adjourned till Monday.

General News.

POLITICAL NEWS.

THE LIQUOR LAW IN MICHIGAN.—Judge Ross Wilkins, of the U. S. District Court, in a letter to one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Michigan, says he has no doubt the liquor law, of that State is unconstitutional, as all laws are when the Legislature, in express terms, submit a general act to the people before it can "become a law," directly delegating the legislative power to the people. He says:

I am friendly to the reform, and so far as consistent with the fundamental law, I would advocate the absolute and entire suppression of the liquor traffic. But I can never countenance any infringement on the Constitution, even to effect so great a blessing to this and succeeding generations.

ORIGIN OF THE TERM *Doughface.*—At an anti-Nebraska meeting held in Delhi, New York, says the Gazette of that place, Judge Hathaway, who was one of the speakers, mentioned an anecdote showing the origin of the term doughface. When a young man, who was present at an interview between General Root and one Dr. Clark, at that time representing Delaware and Green counties in Congress. Dr. Clark was a supporter of the Missouri Compromise, and advocated and voted for the admission of Missouri into the Union under that compromise. In the conversation with General Root, he was relating some incidents which transpired during the debate upon the bill. Dr. Clark stated, that he addressed the House in favor of the passage of the bill, and said he, "all the time that I was speaking, John Randolph, of Virginia, sat and sneeringly pointed his long bony finger at me, and made faces at me, and just as I sat down, he screamed out, in his shrill and squeaking voice:—'*Doughface, doughface.*'" Judge Hathaway remarked, that Dr. Clark actually seemed proud of the appellation.

MAINE.—Resolves against the repeal of the [illegible]

[illegible]

...in Central America, that of the persons drowned at Virgin Bay, on the 2nd March last, the bodies of the following had been recovered and identified. The effects found upon their persons have been transmitted to the Department, and will be deposited in the Treasury Department for the benefit of the legal claimants.

LIST.

William Lane,	Isaac Edge,
D. Churchill,	Jacob Lewis (colored),
Edward Thomas,	W. H. Gardner,
— Laurin, (or Leavin,)	Francis Harris.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, April 29, 1854.

REMARKS—There has been a fair trade doing. Cotton has been in better demand, and prices are decidedly firmer—the concession in prices noticed at the commencement of last week having been recovered. Bark remains without change. Breadstuffs are firmer, and under the Arabia's advices, made public on Tuesday evening, and the unprecedented small supplies, and reduced stocks of all descriptions, prices have again advanced. Coal is in fair request at steady prices. The receipts are increasing, both from the Schuylkill and Lehigh region. Iron is in good demand at full rates, but there is only a limited amount offering—most of the supplies now coming forward having been previously contracted for. Hemp and Hides are very quiet. Lead is scarce, and generally held above the value of buyers. In Lumber there has been more activity. The receipts are increasing, and the stocks, as usual at this season, accumulating. Coffee, Sugar and Molasses, have been in fair request, at full rates. Provisions of all descriptions are dull, but prices are without change. Rice is held firmly, with a moderate inquiry. Cloverseed is in rather better demand at our last quotations. In Teas and Tobacco no change. Wool continues dull, and prices rule irregularly.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The Flour market was very quiet early in the week, but since the receipt of the Arabia's advices there has been rather more inquiry, and prices have again advanced 12½c per bbl. The sales of the week comprise 7a8,000 bbls, standard and good brands, at $8,50a8,62½ per bbl, closing at the latter rate, and Brandywine at $8,75, including 2,004 bbls extra at $8,75 to 9,25 for common and fancy brands. A lot of scraped sold at $8. There has been a good demand for the supply of the trade at $8,62½ up to 9,25 for common and fancy brands. Rye Flour has been very quiet. Small sales at $5,50. Corn Meal is dull at $3,75. The inspections of Flour and Meal, for the week ending the 27th instant, were as follows:—Superfine Flour 10,914 bbls; fine do 210; middling 98; Rye Flour 836; Corn Meal 2,282.—Making a total of 14,330 bbls.

GRAIN—The supplies of Wheat have been quite [illegible]

[illegible]

Bank Note List.

Marriages.

Deaths.

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The immediate popularity this profoundly interesting work has acquired with all classes, [illegible] more universal [illegible] than any historical contribution of our time. [illegible]

We subjoin a few extracts from American clergymen of all denominations.

From the Rev. Dr. George B. Cheever.

"The history of Professor Weiss is truly valuable. The volumes are in every way instructive and important."

From the Rev. Dr. Thomas De Witt.

"I esteem these volumes as among the most valuable of the present day, and I doubt not they will make a like impression on the public mind and command a large patronage."

From the Rev. Dr. Gardiner Spring.

"The facts are well arranged, and the work is no less valuable for the principles it illustrates than for the facts by which they are illustrated."

From the Rev. Dr. H. A. Boardman, Philadelphia.

"The work is evidently the fruit of great research, and is written with candor, vivacity and courage."

From the Rev. Dr. Henry V. D. Johns, Baltimore.

"The plan of the history will commend it, not only to the clergy, but to the laymen of our country—to the statesman, the scholar, the artisan, and the friends of human progress."

From the Rev. Dr. Alex. Digby Campbell, Montreal.

"It would be something bordering on presumption for me to attempt to add any commendation after the sanction of such men as Merle, D'Aubigne, Guizot, and Mignet."

From the Rev. Dr. N. Murray, N. J.

"It is candid, learned, moderate; and, from the beginning to the end, the narrative is sustained with an ability and vivacity which excite in the mind of the reader the most intense interest. [illegible]

[illegible]

PLATINA POINTS FOR LIGHTNING RODS.

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Selected Poetry.

GRAND-DAME AND CHILD.

BY ALICE CAREY.

The maiden looks of velvet dames
Made open at evening to the flame
Of blazing fire, which in light and heat
Of fagots, piled, illumes their deep recess;
Another week wound being the thing,
And all the needlework complete and true
With reverberations; and all the tones
Whisper of evening, twilight, and home
Work busy, nothing golden wins

The withered old grand-dame, feeble and alert,
That thrill'd to her child of old;
The clock is nearly on the stroke
Of all the day's best hour, rest and quiet
The dreary hours will sooner bright—
The smile indeed are sweet.

Yet Allison's smile is as the light,
The merita fly with her in the dusk

The bitter sweet joint in her chair
The grand-dame corners, but cannot tell
If there be three or seven, in the pair
Of merry little eyes that look
She does not hear; nor can she see
The mountains, cold and green and bright,
With life an angel climbed in white.
The path where Miriam stood in

Almost she hears the little feet
Patter along the path of sands;
Her eyes see nothing pictured there,
And every bosom her closet she has,
Shall closure her to bottom, fast,
It is her pretty grandchild's kiss

The dainty head, her dusky, tan,
Soon hanging on the soften neck,
And from her modest eyes of jet,
Fair Miriam parting back the fall
Of her brown hair, and hanging wild—
Her darling merry-minded child!

Then with a step as light and low
As any wood-bird's in the forest,
She goes down her beloved

The mien will surely come for prayers
The dinner love dark evenings as
Days in the summer, and at last, alas!
Reduced the pattering on the grass,
He hand is heard at the door
It was a foolish dreaming, all.

The morning glories wanding up
The rustic pillars of the door,
Open their dark buds, one by one,
To the June's rosy dawn—and lo! the bud
Of every one had overnight
Which Miriam kept with so much care.

It ran to woods, and every where
Across the path her merry feet
Were crossed and lost, the grass has grown.
And still the grand-dame sits and sees
Counting the lilies on her chair—
Her constant think of eternal make—
And fondly dreaming for her sweet
Of the old stock, and for the pair
Of blue-birds have long been still;
Saying, as o'er the neighboring hill
The shadow grather thick and dim,
"To time that Miriam were come."

And now the painters come to weave,
And from between the cotton wool garments,
Drawing after her her napkin loose,
Dove-dappled, the brown-wood Eve
Slow to her purple pillow drops;
His loud noise now the grandame stops:
In the dim woods the sun is still,
And sober, winding road the hill.
The sweet wife sees, with pretty ease,
I'm wondering for you at the door,"
Calls the old grand-dame to her sweet's ear,
"To time the working sit were done."

And truely neighbors come and go.
But gently grand-dame sits and wait,
Those pretty grandchild interpret as
We mean praise her;" "Is about
Piling the cushions in her chair,
Carried in many a quaint design
Of leaves and lilies, rose and fine,
They tell her she must not sit so
To name her pretty child again—
It's one her wear means to mean.

A smile of brighter love than when
The merita flew with her in the dusk

Selected Articles.

A THRILLING INCIDENT.

The editor of the *Junction Republican*, printed at West Chester, Pa., speaking of the story related on our first page under the title of "Long out Right in a Lift," says:

"It has brought forcibly to our mind a thrilling incident which happens to be within our knowledge; and we cannot believe trying, in our own way, to tell it. The other incidents are highly respectable gentlemen, to whom the accompanied happened, of now a resident of this borough, and in every particular the story is strictly true. A number of years since, the individual to whom allude was a practical mechanic in this county, boarding at a farm-house about a mile and a half from the town. The farm house was one of those built at different periods of time, and possessing a long-extended front to the roadside. It was attended at the upper end by a lonely wood, and just below it ran a deep, dark ravine, which was the favorite playground of the neighborhood, for it is well-known that every neighborhood has its haunted ground. The sleeping apartments of the family were in the extreme end of the house, while that occupied by our informant was the farthest removed from them possible. One night he remained late at a hostess delivered to the school, and by the time he arrived the family had all retired. He passed into the house, and hastened to his room to his chamber. The reflected light of the moon shone in the room, and as he entered the door-way and turned toward his bed, there stood at the side of it a figure dressed in white, dimly exposed to his vision by the moon's pale light. He was, as may well be supposed, astonished. Turning for a moment from the apparition towards the window, to see if it were not a fantastic creation, caused by the moonlight falling on some object, he found that his eye again looked for the strange sight, but it was gone, without the slightest perceptible motion. With his whole nervous system completely unstrung, he however succeeded at length in exercising such control over himself, as to undress, quietly undressed and laid down, but not to sleep, for there was not much agitation to do so. He lay in this wakeful state for about three quarters of an hour, when he thought he felt the bed slowly raised beneath him. He again succeeded in persuading himself that he was deceived, and attributed this to the effects of the intense heat and excessive exertion to which he had been subjected during the day. After another indefinite period of time, the same raising of the bed was felt, and on this occasion he half-arose, leaned over, and looked partially under the bed, when, to his horror, he saw the same circumstance, but not the slightest noise, sensation, or motion, to any of the different occasions came to his ear. He again strove to dismiss the fearful subject from his mind, and at length, by constantly repeating to himself that no such thing could be, succeeded in composing himself to sleep, which must have lasted for some two hours. He was awakened from this uneasy repose by something between a piercing shriek and advanced laugh, unearthly in its tone, breaking upon him on the dead silence of the night, and immediately at his side. The moment he realized his situation as the cry, with all the preceding circumstances, renders it difficult, if not impossible, to represent the intense feeling of agonizing fear which crept over the completely unmanned inmate of that chamber.

"Ten years and more have elapsed since the circumstances occurred, and yet at this distance they are distinctly always called to incident with an excited tone of voice, which indicates how dreadful were the realities that surrounded him. He sat up erect in the bed, with every fibre of his flesh quivering with terror, and with straining eye and ear, waited, like a man on the rack, mystery. In the midst of this thrilling and excited state of feeling, there came a sudden repetition of the mingled scream and laugh, and apparent increment, 'it was such a cry as can never be offered from any human throat. He instantly sprang from the bed to the door, and in a desperate effort, dragged the latch-string from the corner of the room, and then, behind the high-boulderd, stood the apparition which presented itself to his astonished sight. It was in full form and the room on that dreadful night. It was the figure of a woman clothed in white, with long, black, tattered hair hanging wildly about her person. It was a massive girl from a neighboring house, who came in the afternoon, during his absence, to spend the night, and had wandered about the room, where the family regarded they had accompanied her. When he entered the room she was standing as he first described her position, and while his eye was turned for a moment towards the window, she silently crept towards the bed.

"We hope the recital of this story may not have the effect to disturb the repose of our young lady readers. If there are any fears on that subject, we advise them, before lending their slumbers down at night, to look under the bed and into the headboard and closets. After such an examination, they may retire without the slightest alarm."

☞ The best thing to take after being intoxicated—a resolution never to be tipsy again.

WHAT ARE LETTERS OF MARQUE?

In connection which, probably, many would be glad to know what is meant by one of the clauses of the President's message, in which he recommends "that letters of marque and reprisal, as they are now limited, signify literally, therefore, letters authorizing the capture of the vessels and property of the enemy by subjects of the person to whom they are granted, and issued only to the party injured, or his representative. Their issue has regarded as a declaration of war, though formal hostilities might be the ultimate result. Hence considered in time of peace, no question of authority, but merely, they are not a branch of the power of war, without which, though a branch, the power of letters is contemplated. The form may be usually be likened to a license for private citizens to commit acts which, in the hands of the injured party—the landlord authorized.

It is necessary to trace the modification and regulations to which letters of marque have been subjected from their origin to the present day. Equitable between nation and nation, as well as between subject and subject, at very ancient origin, and long their foundation in the nature of the relations of different states, they have been, in modern times, now, yet, as late as 1854, President Jackson, in his Annual Message to Congress, recommended the enacting in this method of obtaining satisfaction in our claims against Mexico.

Letters of marque and reprisal, however, with reference to operations at sea, were not known to the law of nations, and were not known in the number of modern powers, and in the ordinary practice of nations, until the 17th century. In modern practice, they are seldom, if ever, issued until war has been declared, and is then limited to the period of hostilities in time of war, often more it advisable to carry on hostilities against a particular people or to commanded, the purposes of defence; and not subsequently take out letters of marque, with the view, if successful, of profiting under the provisions for the increased risk and expenses which they are supposed to involve. Letters of marque are applied in a general sense, to the ship-owner under which all neutral private armed ships act.

In the United States, the power of granting letters of marque and reprisal is vested by the Constitution, in Congress. In the war of 1812, this power was exercised in the Act of June 18, 1812, declaring war, a provision made for the guidance and regulation of parties applying for such commissions, and for the granting of them, by the Acts of June 26, 1812, and January 27, 1813. These Acts were temporary in their duration, and in force only during the war. legislation would be required upon any future occasion which called for a renewed exercise of the power.

It would be a violation of the 3d century Act of April 20, 1818, for any citizen of the United States commissioned as a letter of marque in the service of any foreign power against the subjects of whom we are at peace; or for any vessel to be fitted out and armed in any of our ports, for the purpose of cruising or committing hostilities against a friendly power.—*Pennsylvanian.*

Dr. Tupper has not a "Sister Tom-cats."—The poet's life, during the first ten years of his married life, was a very happy one. He was a temperate man. He was regular in his conduct, happy in his family, diligent in his pastoral duties, and early in his hours. His preaching was popular and useful. His studies were principally connected with the new productions, and he was a diligent student of his profession. An anonymous writer in the Gentlemen's *Magazine* for 1792, who seems to be intimate with him, thus describes his character:

"The dignity of a great and good mind appeared in all his actions, and in all his writings he conversed on religious subjects with the cheerfulness of virtue; his piety was undisturbed by gloom or enthusiasm; he was regular in the performance of all its duties, both in public and private life. In his temper he appeared to be as amiable as he was venerable in the Christian. His politeness was such as I never saw equalled: it was intuitive in his engagements to rank; to his equals and to his inferiors it differed in the manner, but not in elegance. He treated him upon with acceptance in the moment accurate. In conversation upon lively subjects he had a buoyancy of wit which was peculiar to himself; I know not how to describe it but by saying that it was both heightened and softened by the amiable qualities of his soul. It has been seen him fill and in pain, yet the serenity of his mind remained undisturbed. Once, when a peevish expression fell from his lips." Few of his brilliant sayings are preserved, since, unfortunately, he had no Boswell attached to his heels. But one or two of the sayings that have descended down to us are singularly characteristic. On one very sunny night Young went out to his garden, and remained some time. When he returned, one expressed wonder that he had stayed so long in such an evening. "Oh," he replied, "I have had the fair night; I have been abroad." He was very fond of a garden, and inscribed on the wall of his summer-house the words, "Unbelievers in love who undervalue friendship!" (sinking in the garden, they heard the voice of God). He had once erected a dial with the inscription, "Eheu fugaces!" which, he said with a smile to Dr. Langton, "was easily rendered, so by the next morning's sun had been carried off." Though sometimes melancholy, he was always ready to encourage such others, and established an assembly and bowling-green in his parish. And had the boon all Young to amuse himself in that other pair? Of course—he had been by this time well nigh forgotten: for we do not think that either his notices or plays would of themselves have preserved his name. Nor, as we have stated, could should co-operate with dissappointment in befriending the full relish of his mind. Antoni was the stronger when he wanted the gentle. Job was never so eloquent till he was prisoner. And it was not till he was bereaved of all that he write the "Night Thoughts," Young must be plunged in the deepest gloom of affliction—Thither flee the shaft, and thither his pursuer will follow. In 1730, a daughter of his wife, by a former husband, died. This was Mrs. Temple, the Narcissa of his great poem. Her disease was a lingering one. Young accompanied her to Tunbridge Wells, where she died; and these scenes were lovingly dwelled repulsive, as the case of a Protestant. Her husband, Mr. Temple, or Philander, died four years later; and in 1741, Young's wife, or Lorelia, also expired. Here was left to himself alone, and blasted in solitude. But his grief did not sink into sullen despondency. His wonted cheerfulness returned to his tears into song. The "Night Thoughts" were immediately commenced, and published between 1742 and 1744. This marvellous poem was all composed either at night, or when rising from his midnight meditations. Its very title gives a sense of mystery and confidence, stirs the blood, electrizes the animal spirits, and has all the effect of a trumpet-call summoning to arms. Its tone is in unison with the sublimest thought and mental composition. It inspired, and was inspired by, the genius of Milton and Dante. We love to think of Young riding through the green lanes of his parish, and composing verse to himself in the intervals of prayer. We love better still to watch his lonely taper-ing ray and solitary, like a star, reigning in darkness, and seeming to answer the far signal of those mightier luminaries which are hurning above in the upper firmament. We love to see him with now dipping his pen to indite his immortal lines—now laying down the book of God or of art, and surrendering himself to paroxysms of unconquerable anguish—and now looking up from the midst of the night to the Lord in the wrags of the tempest, or as He is silently walking on the wings of the wind and treading those unseeded "Watchers," and undisputed "Holy Ones."—*From Hobart's recent edition of Young's Night Thoughts, edited by the Rev. Gardiner Spring.*

THE ADVANTAGES OF NOT BEING TOO PARTICULAR.—Hans, how is your business, now?

"Oh, so so—better as it was."

"How so?"

"Shut your eyes and listen and me. Vell, de first night I opens dar store, I dances dar morning, and finds it not right—vas better tan open. Vell, de next night I found dat vas dere be two lollars gone. De third night I open him, and dere be two lollars gone; and de fourth night I sees dere I—

"I see't nap—what?"

"Vy, I did not sense him any more, and he came out about right ever since."

☞ A country schoolmaster, happening to be reading of the curious skin of an elephant, asked, "Did you ever see an elephant's skin?" he asked. "I have?" shouted a little "six year old" at the foot of the class. "Where?" he asked, quite amazed at the boy's earnestness. "*On the elephant!*" said he, with a most provoking grin.

Wit and Humor.

"EMINENT" AMERICANS.

(A satirical work is announced, to give the biographies and portraits of "Eminent" Americans, now in a living position in New York. We find by a living position in New York. We find by a living position in New York. We find by